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POLYGLOT OPERA.

H. M. S.

# PINAFORE.

(COMIC OPERA BY GILBERT & SULLIVAN.)

BURLESQUE TRANSLATION

—IN—

**Pennsylvania German,**

—BY—

Alf. Chas. Moss and Ellwood L. Newhard.

ALLENTOWN, PA.:  
ALLEN W. HAINES, PRINTER, LYRIC BUILDING.  
1901.

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Burlesque Translation of

## "PINAFORE,"

IN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN.

CARROLL E. MACOMBER, - - - - - Musical Director  
ELLWOOD L. NEWHARD, - - - - - Stage Manager

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SIR JOSEPH PORTER, - - - MR. ELLWOOD L. NEWHARD  
(The Dutch Admiral.)  
CAPTAIN CORCORAN . . . . . MR. CARSON W. MASTERS  
(Commanding Officer H. M. S Pinafore.)  
RALPH RACKSTRAW . . . . . MR. HARRY S. SNYDER  
(The Sailor who loves the Lass.)  
DICK DEADEYE . . . . . MR. E. G. HEDDEN  
(Not pleasant to look at.)  
BILLY BOBSTAY . . . . . MR. CHAS. W. SHIFFERT  
(Boatswain.)  
BOB BECKET . . . . . MR. WILLIAM PFEIFFER  
(Boatswain's Mate.)  
JOSEPHINE, - - - MRS. ROBERT JAMES BERGER  
(The Captain's Daughter.)  
HEBE . . . . . MRS. MALCOLM METZGER  
(First Cousin to Sir Joseph.)  
LITTLE BUTTERCUP . . . . . MISS R. ANNA SCHULER  
(A Bumboat Woman.)  
TOM TUCKER . . . . . MASTER JOHN LIVINGOOD  
(Midship-mite.)

### MARINES.

MR. A. N. LINDENMUTH. MR. JOSEPH NOBLE. MR. CHAS. REICHARD.

### SAILORS AND MARINES.

Mr. Ray C. Keiser	Mr. R. L. Ressler	Mr. Walter Hunsicker	Mr. Winfield E. Newhard
Geo. J. Ritter	Will Stahler	Howard Fry	H. E. Marsh
H. S. Hoxworth	Britain G. Roth	Charles L. Amey	I. J. Iredell
Robert Newhard	LaRoy Helfrich	Howard W. Diehl	Charles W. Wolf
Frank F. Hagenbuch	Charles Lutte	Charles Snyder	Charles Claus
Alfred S. Hartzell	Geo. W. Wolf	Claude R. Allenbach	

### SISTERS, COUSINS AND AUNTS.

Miss Edith C. Biery	Miss Bessie Weiss	Miss Mary Seaman	Miss Marion Schuler
Mamie Beitler	Mabel A. Newhard	Dorothy Wright	Gertrude Wagner
Annie I. Hartzell	Bessie Gerner	Ollie Goade	Elsie Holben
Edna A. Bachman	Carrie Siegfried	Annie Belford	Effie Bates
Sophie E. Neuweiler	Elsie Turner	Louise Hartshaw	Florence Crader
	Miss Libbie F. Newhard.		

SCENE—Quarter-Deck of H. M. S. Pinfore.

ACT I.—Noon.

ACT II.—Night.



# "H. M. S. PINAFORE,"

—ODER—

## Das Mædle und Ihr Sailor Kerl,

'N translation fum dem bekannte Opera.

In Pennsylvanish Deutsch, - - bei ALF. C. MOSS.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—Deck of H. M. S. Pinafore. View of Portsmouth in the distance. Sailors led by Boatswain discovered cleaning brass work, splicing rope, &c.

#### OPENING CHORUS.

Mir fahren auf der meer.  
Unser schiff is shay und shteady;  
M'r drinken nix oss beer,  
Und m'r sinn aw immer ready  
Wo's fechterei iss sinn mir sphry.  
Und mach't der feind es fiehle;  
Und won's ferhei iss, tzimlich glei  
Gebt's zeit genuuk f'r shpiela.

(Enter Little Buttercup with Basket.)

#### RECIT.

BUTT.—Hello! ihr shiffleit—kennen 'r nimmie hara?

SAILORS.—(rushing towards her.) Hello! glaene Buttercup.

BUTT.—Waving them back.) Nun, sagen mir: Hen ihr betzawlsdawg kertzlich kotta?

SAILORS.—Airsht geshta.

BUTT.—(advancing) Sell suit mich gude.

So kummen g'schwind dohaer,

Do kennen 'r hendich all euer geld fetzahra.

#### GESANG—LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

Sie havsen mich Buttercup—shay glaene Buttercup,

Und ich waiss gaw net warrum;

Doch bin ich die Buttercup—orum glay Buttercup.

Zu euer Butter up kum.

Hab duwok un l shpella, und shayna korrella,

Und messer und watcha und sheer;

Und hingle und brillas, und zucker und pillas,

Das kennt ihr oll koffa fun mir.

Hab matches und taffy, bolognies und koffe,

Und na-gel und frische pork chops,

Hab schnitz und kaduffla, und cigar und ruffla,

Und nummer ains peppermint drops.

Dann kost fum euer Buttercup—shay glaene Buttercup

Zu euer Buttercup kum.

BOS'N —Vell, little Buttercup, bisht du ols noch led-dich? Du gukst yust so yung und shmart und shay os wie olfort.

We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty.  
When the balls whistle free over the bright blue sea  
We stand to our guns all day;  
When at anchor we ride on the Pourtsmouth tide.  
We have plenty of time to play.

(Enter Little Buttercup with Basket.)

#### RECIT.

Hall, men-o'-war's men—safeguards of your nation,  
Here is an end at last of all privation:  
You've got your pav—spare all you can afford  
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

#### ARIA.

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why;  
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup, I.  
I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky;  
I've scissors and watches and knives;  
I've ribbons and laces, to set off the faces  
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.  
I've treacle and toffy, and excellent coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops;  
I've chickeus and conies, and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops.  
Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Sailors should never be shy.  
So buy of your Buttercup—dear little Buttercup,  
Come, of your Buttercup buy.

BOAT—Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for  
you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest  
beauty in all Spithead.



LIT. B.—Yaw, aber kannst du mir sawga wass ess iss dos es hertz im kopf drawgt?

B S'N.—Well, nay, ich muss sawga ich hob noch net an so ebbes gedenkt.

DICK D.—Well—ich kann.

SAILORS.—(recoiling.) Du?

DICK.—Yaw—'N graut-kup.

SAILORS.—Um—m—m—m—m.

LIT. B.—Wass fehlt sella kerl? Iss er net g'sunt?

B S'N.—Du musht 'n net minda, er is olfort so—Er iss bissel drei-eckich.

LIT. B.—Well, ich set sheer denka. Aber wer kumt do?

BOS'N.—Sell iss der Relf Reckstraw, der besht kerl uff 'm shiff.

LIT. B.—Relf!—that name—remorse—remorse.  
[Enter Ralph.]

**MADRIGAL.—THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.—Ralph.**

Es tzipchia peift  
Und der boppagoi greisht zurick.  
Der Hawhna graeht  
Und der blo-fogle fresst der mik—  
Doch lieb ich sie.

CHORUS.—Doch lieb ich sie.

RALPH.—Es maedchen weint,  
Ihr liebenschatz kumt nicht mehr,  
Der shonsh'ay shmokt.  
Und der brunner is sheer gaw lehr—  
CHO.—Doch lieb ich sie.

**RECIT.**

RALPH.—Ich glaub wohl buwa os ihr's recht,  
Doch my undankbarkeit 'r misst net ferdenka  
Wann lieb und leida bot des herz verbrecht!  
Ich lieb, ja wohl, ich lieb der Cap sei tochd'r.

BUT.—Er liebt—yaw wohl, er liebt der Cap sei tochd'r.

SAILORS.—Er liebt—yaw wohl, etc.

**BALLAD.—A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.—Ralph.**

Sie iss'n maedle shay,  
Demuethig, gude und glay,  
Der shensht zu mei'm gewissa;  
Und ich'n or'mer drup,  
Mit net fiehl in der kup,  
Und gaw ken gelt im kossa

SAILORS.—Er hut ken gelt im kossa.

Doch habe ich's uff mich  
genomma, kreftiglich  
Der Liebe in mei herz zu plantza:—  
Weiss wohl es bot mich nix,  
My lieb iss in 'ra fix—  
Ich kann ken horn pipe danza.

SAILORS.—Er kann ken hornpipe danza.

Ich bin net awrig g'scheit.  
Mei larnung geht net weit.—  
(Der Liebe war schulmayshter,)  
Sie herschet mir in's herz,  
Mit sorga und mit schmerz,  
Der Cap sei shayue tochd'r.

B S'N.—Ah! du or'mer drup, du groddelsht zu hoch;  
sie hiaert dich net.

DICK.—Nay, des dut sie net.

SAILORS.—Shem dich doch!

RALPH.—Deadeye, du bisht'n bopplemoul.

DICK.—Relf, wos fehlt di naws. [Enter Captain.]

BUT.—Red, am I? and round? and rosy? May be, for I have dissembled well. But, hark ye, my merry friend, hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker worm which is slowly, but surely, eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT.—No, my lass; I can't say I've ever thought that.

DICK.—I have thought it often.

BUT.—Yes; you look like it. What's the matter with the man? Is't he well?

BOAT.—Don't take no heed of HIM, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK.—I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye.

BUT.—It's not a nice name.

DICK.—I am ugly too, ain't I?

BUT.—You are certainly plain.

DICK.—And I am three-cornered too, ain't I?

BUT.—You are rather triangular.

DICK.—Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me.

**RECIT.**

BUT.—But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet

With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT.—That is the smartest lad in the fleet—  
Ralph Rackstraw!

BUT.—Ha! that name! Remorse! remorse!

**MADRIGAL.—THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.**

The Nightingale  
Loved the pale moon's bright ray,  
And told his tale  
In his own melodious way!  
He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"  
CHO.—He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

**RECIT.**

I know the value of a kindly chorus,  
But choruser yield little consolation,  
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!  
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

BU.—(aside,) He loyes—and loves a lass above his station!

ALL.—(aside,) Yes; yes; the lass is much above his station.

**BALLAD.—A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.—Ralph.**

A maiden fair to see,  
The pearl of minstrelsy,  
A bud of blushing beauty,  
For whom proud nobles sigh,  
And with each other vie  
To do her menial's duty,  
To do her menial's duty.  
A suitor, lowly born,  
With hopeless passion torn,  
And poor beyond concealing,  
Has dared for her to pine  
At whose exalted shrine

ALL. A world of wealth is kneeling!  
A world of wealth is kneeling!

Unlearned he in aught  
Save that which love has taught  
(For love has been his tutor):  
Oh, pity, pity me—  
Our captain's daughter she,  
And that lowly suitor!

ALL. And I that lowly suitor!

BOA.—Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high;  
our worthy captain's child won't have notihin' to say  
to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

DICK.—No, no; captain's daughters don't marry fore-  
mast jacks.

ALL.—(recoiling.) Shame! shame!

DICK.—Mark my words.



CAPT. My gailant crew—good morning.  
 SAILORS. Guda morryea. (Sir, good morning.)  
 CAPT. I hope you are all quite well,  
 SAILORS. All g'sunt—und du Cap. (All well—and you, sir.)  
 CAPT. I am in reasonable health and happy  
 To meet you all once more.  
 SAILORS. Unser ganze achtung. (You do us proud, sir.)

### SONG.—CAPTAIN.

CAPT.—I am the captain of the "Pinafore!"

ALL. Und 'n nummer ains Cap. bisht du. (And a right good captain too.)

CAPT. You're very, very good,  
 And be it understood,  
 I command a right good crew.

ALL. Dankeshoen, dabei. (We're very, very good.  
 Muss ess gude fershtana sei (And be it understood.)  
 Oss er hut 'n first rate crew. (He commands a right good crew.)

CAPT. Though related to a peer,  
 I can hand, reef and steer,  
 And ship a salvagee;  
 I am never known to quail  
 At the fury of a gale,  
 And I'm never, never sick at sea.

ALL. Was; gaw net! (What, never?)

CAPT. Nay; gaw net. (No; never!)

ALL. Wass GAW NET? (What, NEVER?)

CAPT. Well, sheer gar net. (Hardly ever!)

ALL. He's hardly ever sick at sea!  
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer more  
 For the hardy captain of the "Pinafore!"

CAPT.—I do my best to please you all—

ALL. Und mir sin mit dir content. (And with you we're quite content.)

CAPT. You're exceedingly polite,  
 And I think it only right  
 To return the compliment,

ALL. Mir sinn iveraus polite. (We're exceedingly polite,  
 Und er nennt es wer yust right. [And he thinks it only right  
 Wen er mis aw compliment. (To return the compliment.)

CAPT. Bad language or abuse,  
 I never, never use,  
 Whatever the emergency;  
 Though "bother it," I may  
 Occasionally sar,  
 I never use a big, big D—

ALL. Was gar net? (What; never!)

CAPT. Nay, (No, never!)

ALL. Wass, gar net? (What, NEVER?)

CAPT. Well, sheer gar net. (Hardly ever.)

ALL. Hardly ever swears a big big D—  
 Then give three cheers, and one cheer more  
 For the well bred captain of the "Pinafore!"

[Exit all but Captain.

CAPT. (solus.) Es blogt mich der ganza dawg 'n nagel im shoo. 'Mol sehna ep ich 'n 'net rous griega kann.  
 [Enter Josephine.

### BALLAD.—JOSEPHINE.

Thraenen und leid sinn'so der Liebe,  
 Schwer ist 'es heiz oss hoft ohn hoffnung,  
 Krisslich die seiftzer shteigen auf.  
 Tief fum dem Herz der Lieb betruebet  
 Tief iss das elend und heftig die noth  
 Won Liebe erwecket und hoffnung ist tod.

Kald ist der tag won's scheint ken sun;  
 Dunkel der nacht wo's blickt ken mond;  
 Feicht ist die Erd wen die Wolga weindn,  
 Und shay die shtund die sterna scheinen.  
 Tief iss das elend, etc.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,  
 Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,  
 Sad are the sighs that own the spell,  
 Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;  
 Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
 When love is allye and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—  
 Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,  
 When to the ark the wearied one  
 Flies from the empty waste of waters!  
 Heavy the sorrow! etc.

CAPT. Tocht'r, wass iss letz. Du husht mir so awrig  
fun der Liebe g'sunga, ess iss mir bang du denksht  
shun an die buwa.

Jos. Oh, wass sul ich sawga.

CAPT. Now, 's iss net d'wart oss du in a hurry bisht  
dot d'wega. ich will dir shun 'n mon rous picka  
won's tzeit kummt.

Jos. Dawdy, ich hab shun aner rous gepicked.

CAPT. Der DAUZIG!

Jos. Nay, aber'n kommona sailor uf dei'm egena  
shiff.

CAPT. Und mensht du wetsht ihn hiara.

Jos. Net bis er mich frawgt.

CAPT. My gehorsames kind.

Jos. My guda dawdy. (they embrace.)

#### BARCAROLE.—(Invisible.)

Ueber das grosser wasser  
Kunt der Josef Borter, K. C. B.,  
Doch mawg er geh wohie er will.  
Kracnen die grosse flinte shtill.  
Greish ueber das grosse wasser  
For der Josef Borter, K. C. B.

[During this the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening  
attentively to the song.]

Do kumt der olt Sir Jo,  
Mit 'n boat-load harlich weibsleid.  
Nun laszt uns danzen so,  
Und singen wie net recht g'scheit.  
Mir fahren auf der say,  
Unser shiff iss shay und shteady,  
Mir trinken nix oss TAY,  
Und mir sinn aw immer ready.

CAPT. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey  
to melancholy. You should look your best to-day,  
for Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., will be here this af-  
ternoon to claim your promised hand

Jos. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I  
can esteem—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he  
is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him!  
My heart is already given.

CAPT. (aside.) It is then as I feared. (Aloud.) Given?  
And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Jos. No, father—the object of my love is no lordling.  
Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board  
your own ship.

CAPT. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true—too true!

CAPT. A common sailor! oh, fie!

Jos. Fear not, father; I have a heart, and therefore I  
love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am  
proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb,  
he shall never, never know it.

CAPT. You ARE my daughter, after all.

Jos. My own thoughtful father.

#### BARACOLE.—(Invisible.)

Over the bright blue sea  
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.,  
Wherever he may go  
Bang-bang the loud nine pounders go!  
Shout o'er the bright blue sea  
For Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.!

[During this the crew have entered on tiptoe, listening  
attentively to the song.]

#### CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen  
And his crowd of blushing beauty,  
We hope he'll find us clean  
And attentive to our duty.  
We're smart and sober men,  
And quite devoid of fear.  
In all the Royal N.  
None are so smart as we are.

Enter Sir Joseph's Female Relatives. They dance round the stage.

REL. Gavly tripping,  
Lightly skipping,  
Flock the maidens to the shipping.

SAILO S. Flieg der lumpa fum der fenshter. (Flags and guns and pennants dipping!)  
Laszt uns froehlich sei im ernster. (All the ladies love the shipping.)

REL. Sailors sprightly,  
Always rightly.  
Welcome ladies so politely.

SAILORS. Weibsleid oss so haerlich singen. (Ladies who can smile so brightly.)  
Werden lusht und freude bringen. (Sailors welcome most politely.)

(Enter Sir Joseph.)

CAPT. Do kumt der Jo; now geb drei cheers. (Now give three cheers; I'll lead the way,  
Hurray! hurray! hurray!

#### SONG.—SIR JOSEPH.

SPOK N.—Ich hab so'n holve notion—das—

Ich bin der kaynich fum der meer,  
Das grosse shiff ich steer,  
Die ganze welt iss mich bekannt.

I am the monarch of the sea,  
The ruler of the Queen's Navee!  
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

HEBE. Und mir sin sei schweshter und sei cousins und sei aunts.  
And we are his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts

REL. Und mir sin, etc.

And we are his sisters, etc.

SIR JOSEPH Ven at enker here I ride  
My bozzum swells mit bpride;  
Und I snep my fingers on der foeman's taunts.

HEBE. Und so could sei schweshter und sei cousins und sei aunts.



REL. Und so thun sei schweshter, etc.

SIR Jo. Und wen dot breezes blow  
I generally gone below  
Und seek dot exclusion vot a kabin grants.

HEBE. Und so thun sei schweshter, und sei cousins und sei aunts.

CHORUS. Und so thun sei schweshter, etc.

Sei schweshter und sei cousins	(His sisters and his cousins,)
Oss er tzahla kann bei dutzens,	(Whom he reckons up by dozens,
Une sei aunts.	And his aunts.

### SONG.—SIR JOSEPH.

(Dialect German.

When I was a lad I served a term  
As office boy to an attorney's firm.  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished the nandle of the big front door.  
I polished up the handle so carefulee,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

CHORUS. He polished, etc.

As office boy I made such a mark,  
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big, round hand;  
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He copied, etc.

In serving writs I made such a name,  
That an articulated clerk I soon became;  
I wore clean collars and a brand new suit,  
For to pass examination at the institute.  
And that pass examination did so well for me,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. And that pass examination, etc.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,  
That they took me into partnership.  
And that junior partnership, I ween,  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen,  
But that kind of a ship so suited me,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. But that kind, etc.

I grew so rich that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament.  
I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.  
I thought so little they rewarded me  
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. He thought so little, etc.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:  
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,  
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!

CHORUS. Stick close, etc.

SIR Jo. Die buwa guken tzimlich sowa d'moyra.

SAILORS. (saluting.) Dankeshoen.

SIR Jo. Sie sin feina kerls.

SAILORS. (salute.) Unser ganze achtung.

SIR Jo. Dusht sie gude treata.

SAILORS. (sing) "M'r drinken nix oss tay.

SIR Jo. Was; gaw net?

SAILORS. emphatically.) Nay—

SIR Jo. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. It is a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR Jo. A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow, indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR Jo. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR Jo. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

CAPT. (suppressing them. 'Sh-'sh-h-h!—  
(leads Sir Jo. to front and whispers,)  
Ols a' mol.

SIR JO. So-o-o-o. Sawg seiler kal sol mohl do raus kumma. (pointing in a general way to the sailors.)

CAPT. (puzzled, imitates his motion and says,) Sawg, du, kum mol do raus; der Jo will mit dir schwetza.

SAILORS. (not knowing which one is meant they all file up and surrounding Sir Jo., salute.) Ich bin do.

SIR JO. (furiously.) Zurick.

SAISORS, (retreat.) Ich bin zurick.

SIR JO. Ich hab sella kerl DAT gemehnt (pointing to Ralph.)

CAPT. Do, du grumnasicher; feesel di foula karper do funna.

RALPH. Was husht g'sawt?

CAPT. Wie mensht? Ich glaub ich fershtay dich net.

RALPH. Wonn ich so gude sei will.

CAPT. (angrily,) Was, du—

SIR JO. (rebuking.) Tut-tut-tut. Er hut recht. Wonn er so gude sei will.

CAPT. Hum—m—m! Wonn du so gude sei wit. (Ralph comes forward,)

SIR JO. For I hold dot on dem seas  
Dot expression "off you please;"  
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. Und so thun sei schweshter und sei cousins unn sei aunts.

ALL. Sei schweshter und sei cousins  
Oss er tzahla kann bei dëtzent,  
Und sei aunts.

SIR JO. Du bisht 'n first rater kerl; gella!

RALPH. Fallus dich d'ruf.

SIR JO. Kansht du danza?

RALPH. Nay, des kann ich net.

SIR JO. Du guesht! Ei des iss 'n schond. Wart, ich will der mohl weissa wie mer's dut. (Sir Jo's dance.) Kansht du dann peifa.

RALPH. Yaw, aber ich hab mei musik d'haem g'lust.

SIR JO. Well do, nem d'ess (hands MSS.) und peif's won du tzeit husht

RALPH. Was husht g'sawgt?

SIR JO. Wie mensht? Ich glaub ich fershteh dich net.

RALPH. Wonn ich so gude sei will.

SAILORS. Er hut recht.

SIR JO. Hum—m—m? Wonn du so gude sei wit

SAILORS. For we hold that on the seas,  
The expression "if you please."  
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants,  
etc.

SIR JO. Capt. ess war mir geshta g'sawt du hetsht so'n shaene tochd'r. Iss es waar?

CAPT. Oh, hibsich, hibsich, sehr hibsich.

SIR JO. No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph!

SIR JO. What, never?

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JO. (reproving.) Don't patronize them, sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. That you are their captain is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that fine seaman to step forward.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw come here.

RALPH. Beg pardon. If what, your honor?

CAPT. If what? I don't understand you.

RALPH. If you please, your honor.

CAPT. What!

SIR JO. The gentleman is quite right. If you please.

CAPT. If you please.

SIR JO. For I hold that on the seas  
The expression "if you please,"  
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants.

COUSIN HEBE. And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

ALL. And so do his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts.

SIR JO. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JO. And a first rate seaman, I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honor, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JO. Not at all. Proper self respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

RALPH. No, your honor.

SIR JO. That's a pity. All sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening after dinner. Now tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honor.

ALL. Hear.

SIR JO. Good. I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I daresay he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing.

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honor.

SIR JO. Then hum this at your leisure. Giving him Ms. music.

RALPH. If what? your honor.

SIR JO. If what? I don't think I understand you.

RALPH. If I please, your honor,

SAILORS. He is right. "If he pleases."

SIR JO. Hum—m—m. If you please.

SAILORS. For we hold that on the seas, etc.

SIR JO. Captain, a word with you in the cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph.



SIR JO. Gukt sie wie ihre Papaw?

CAPT. Nay, gaw net.

SIR JO. (relieved.) Ah! dann kansht du sie offici-  
ally informa das ich sie sehne will im kabin, und  
won sie mich suit du ich sie hiara naksht Sontag.

[Exit Sir Jo. and Capt.]

[Exit Sir Jo. and Capt.]

(Music preparatory to Glee.)

GLEE.

A British tar is a soaring soul  
As free as a mountain bird,  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl.  
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,  
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,  
And his fist be ever ready for a knock down blow.

CHORUS. His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,  
His brow with scorn be wrung;  
He never should bow down to a domineering frown,  
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.  
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl;  
His hair should swirl and his face should scowl;  
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude!

CHORUS. His foot should stamp, etc.

(All excepting Ralph, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.)

RALPH. Mei mind iss uff g'macht. Ich frag die Jose-  
phine d'r naksht mohl oss ich sie sehn. Ich bin  
yusht so gude oss anicha mann except der Jo.—der  
Jo. secht's yo selvet im des shtick oss er uff g'macht  
hut. und s'iss aw die wahrheit. Ah! sie kumt!—  
Herz. mei herz. laszt no di ew'ge unruh. (retires  
back as Josephine enters.)

JOS. 'S'iss gaw net d'wart. ich kan der Jo. net  
gleicha. Der Pap het's of course. awrig gern oss  
mir hiara det'n. und ich det sheer ainich ebbes f'r  
der Dawdy zu oblige. aber dass kann ich net; mei  
herz iss net mehr mein e genes. 'S'iss yusht a nawm  
oss mich tzittera macht. und dass is -- Ralph.  
(Ralph approaches tenderly and deferentially, and  
overcome at her confession, takes her hand and  
says:

RALPH. Josephine. ich liebe dich! (Josephine looks  
startled a moment, but recovers herself and sternly  
repulses him.)

RALPH. My mind is made up. I will tell Josephine  
of the honest love I bear for her the next time I see  
her. Sir Jo. has explained our position in this song  
which he wrote. As he says a British sailor is any  
man's equal except his own. Ah! she comes. Heart,  
cease thy fluttering. (Retires up as Josephine en-  
ters.)

JOS. It is useless. Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate  
me. I know that he is a truly great and good man,  
but to me he seems tedious, fretful and dictatorial.  
Yet his must be a mind of no common order. or he  
would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a  
hornpipe on the cabin table. Sees Ralph.) Ralph  
Rackstraw! Overcome by emotion.)

RALPH. Aye, lady, no other than poor Ralph Rack-  
straw.

JOS. (Aside.) How my heart beats! (Aloud) And  
why poor Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in happiness, lady. rich only in  
unrest, in me there meet a combination of elements  
which are at eternal war with one another. Driven  
hither and thither wafted one moment into blazing  
day, by mocking hope, plunged the next into the  
darkness of despair. I am but a living embodiment  
of positive contradictions. I hope I make myself  
clear, lady.

JOS. Perfectly. (Aside) His simple eloquence goes  
to my heart. Oh, if I dared, but no, the thought is  
madness! (Aloud) Dismiss these foolish fancies,  
they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one  
effort.

RALPH. (Aside.) I will, one. (Aloud.) Josephine.

JOS. (Indignantly.) Sir!

RALPH. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love  
you.

JOS. Sir, this is audacity! (Aside.) Oh, my heart,  
my heart! (Aloud.) Oh, sir, you forget the dis-  
parity in our ranks.

RALPH. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I love you  
desperately. Give me hope or drive me to despair.  
I have spoken, and I wait your word.

## DUETT.--JOSEPHINE AND RALPH.

Jos. Geh wek, du wieshta ding.  
Du husht ken recht do,  
Ferge s net wer ich binn,  
Und wem du schwetsht zu.  
(aside.) Doch sieb ich ihn fum herz und darfes gaw  
net sawga.  
Mei leida und mei schmerz muss ich alanich  
drawga -  
Ess is mir bang das alend macht mich  
mawga.  
Sei gruma nos dut mich so awrig plaga.

RALPH. Stolz lady, wie du's husht--hard-herzig  
beauty.  
Du sawgst, also ich muss--ess iss mei duty.  
Ich bin 'n ormer drup oss fahrt der wasser.  
Und du mei maedle bisht der Cap. sei  
tochd'r.  
(aside.) Doch, kennt sie mich yusht gleicha waer ich  
ganz zufrieda.  
Sie shput und lacht, doch muss ich sie mei  
lieb owbida--  
Fum noth und elend det ich sie b'heeta.  
Und wie en airlich mensch ich det sie treata.

Jos. Di nos, die nos iss grum.

RALPH. Mei herz, mei herz iss grawt.

RALPH. (Recit.) Can I survive this overbearing,  
Or live a life of mad despairing,  
My proffered love despised, rejected?  
No, no; it's not to be expected!  
(Calling off.)  
Messmates, ahoy!  
Come here! Come here!  
Enter Sailors, Hebe and Relatives.

CHORUS. Yaw, mir sinn do,  
Sinn do, sinn do,  
Now sawg uns  
G's hwind  
Was hut sie g'sawt?

RALPH. (To cousin Hebe.)  
Es maedel s cht sie wot mich net,  
Sie kann mich gar net leida lady:  
Mei gruma no gukt sie deruff.  
Und shicat mich der Sols Kever nuff.

ALL. Oh, cruel one!

DICK. Sie will dich net. Oho! Oho!  
Ich hab dir g'sawt ess genkt dir so.

CHORUS. Mir shtanden's net. 'S'iss yo'n shond.  
Lieb sumt zugleich zu niedrig und stolz.  
Mir sinn all sowa, sober sailor leid.  
Und missen mir es shtanda? Nay!

DICK. Ihr missen's shtanda, eb ihr wollen  
Oder net. Oho! Oho!  
'N lady sie--ich hab yo g'sawt  
Ess genkt euch so.

RALPH. (drawing a pistol)  
Mein freund der Tod es' hand mir rechet,  
Für oh! mei herz--mei herz verbrechet:  
Won ich kabud bin, oh! sawgen sie  
Wie ich g'liebet hat--nur sie,  
(During chorus he has loaded pistol.)

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I  
haughtily reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your  
eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank  
they should be lowered before your Cap's daughter.

## DUETT.--JOSEPHINE AND RALPH.

Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,  
Your suit from pressing;  
Remember what you are,  
And whom address-ingj  
Proud lords do seek my hand,  
In throngs as emble.  
The loftiest in the land  
Bow down and tremble!  
I'd laugh my rank to scorn  
In union holy.  
Were he more highly born  
Or I more lowly!

RALPH. Proud lady, have your way,  
Unfeeling beauty!  
You speak and I obey--  
It is my duty!  
I am the lowliest tar  
That sails the water,  
And you, proud maiden, are  
My captain's daughterj  
(Aside.) My heart with anguish torn  
Bows down before her:  
She laughs my love to scorn,  
Yet I adore her! [Exit Josephine.

ALL. Aye, aye, my boy,  
What cheer, what cheer?  
Now, tell us, pray,  
Wi hout delay,  
What does she say--  
What cheer, what cheer?

RALPH. (To Cousin Hebe.)  
The maiden treats my suit with scorn,  
Rejects my humble love, my lady:  
She says I am ignobly born,  
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

ALL. Oh! cruel one!

DICK. She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!  
I told you so, I told you so.

SAILORS AND RELATIVES  
Shall we (they) submit? Are we (they) slaves?  
Love comes alike to high and low;  
You lowly toilers of the waves,  
And shall they stoop to insult? no!  
DICK. You must submit, you are but slaves,  
A lady she! Oho! Oho!  
You lowly toilers of the waves,  
She spurns you all--I told you so.

RALPH. (Drawing a pistol.)  
My friends, my leave af life I'm taking,  
For oh, for oh, my heart is breaking!  
When I am gone, oh! prithee, tell  
The maid that as I died, I loved her well!

ALL. (Turning away, weeping.)  
Oh life alas, his leave he's taking!  
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking.  
When he is gone, we'll surely tell  
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.  
(During Chorus he has loaded pistol.)





## ACT II.

SAME SCENE.—Night. Captain discovered singing and accompanying himself on a mandolin. Little Buttercup seated on quarter deck, gazing sentimentally at him.

## SONG.—CAPTAIN.

Zu, du, du gude mond  
Will ich 'n solo singa.—  
Ich glaub ich geh nous Vest,  
Zu die incha und onra sotta dinga.

## SONG.—CAPTAIN.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright regent of the heavens,  
Say, why is everything  
Either at sixes or at sevens? etc.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.)

BUT. True dear captain—but the recollection of your sad, pale face, seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT. Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortune crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me.

BUT. Oh, no; do not say "all," dear captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT. True, for you are staunch to me. (Aside.) If ever I give my heart again, methinks it would be to such an one as this! (Aloud.) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But, as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. (Change of manner.) I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty, and I poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you.

CAPT. A change?

BUT. Aye, be prepared.

## DUET. LITTLE BUTTERCUP AND CAPTAIN.

BUT.—Mein freund,—  
Sache sinn net alfort grawt wie sie guken,  
Dik millich gukt wie rohm aber ess iss net;  
Und shay g'blackda shtuywel guken wie patent-  
leather, aber sie sinn aw net;  
Und'n mika-wara kann po-hawna federa drawga.

CAPT. (puzzled.) Very true,  
So they do.

BUT. Alle trup shoaf huts shwatza dabei  
Alles was glaenzed iss net brass,  
Der shoensht kerl im class kann shmaert oss'n  
bluk sei,  
Und s'iss net alford d' gresht grut oss ess  
weidsht jumpa kann.

CAPT. Ich glaub ess wohl  
Alle mohl.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill;  
Turbot is ambitious brill,  
Gild the farthing if you will,  
But it is a farthing still.

CAPT. (Puzzled.) Yes I know  
That is so.

CAPT. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,  
It is shady; it is shady;  
I don't see at what you're driving.  
Mystic lady, mystic lady.

CAPT. Ick denk dahinter steht wass shrecklich,  
Ueberaus, und ganz unglücklich;  
Doch ich glaub sie schnitzled hesslich.—  
S'iss nicht waar,

BUT. Ess ist waar.

CAPT Well:—  
Ich haiss mich net so ueberaus g'scheit,  
Aber so kennt ich shwetza fum now bis naksht  
Grishdawg;—  
Ess war mohl 'n katz hut die gichdera kotta.  
Wo's fier hut, hut's aw shmoke.

BUT. Frequentlee  
I agree.

CAPT. M'r kann oft guka was m'r net gern sawga det,  
Ess liderlich kind set's briggie shpeera,  
'N tayleffle molossich iss besser oss gaw ken  
zucker im kofe.  
Der geitzich hund shloaft ols noch im geils-  
droag.

BUT. Ich glaub ess wohl  
Alle mohl.

## DUET.—LITTLE BUTTERCUP AND CAPTAIN

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,  
Skim milk masquerades as cream;  
Highlows pass as patent leathers,  
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (Puzzled.) Very true  
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold,  
All that glitters is not gold;  
Storks turn out to be but logs,  
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

CAPT. (Puzzled.) So they be,  
Frequentlee.

BUT. (Aside.) Stern convictions o'er him stealing,  
That the mystic lady's dealing  
In oracular revealing,

BOTH. Yes; I know  
That is so.

CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,  
I could talk like that forever;  
Once a cat was killed by care.  
Only brave deserve the fair.

BUT. Very true  
So they do.

CAPT. Wink is often good as nod;  
Spoils the child who spares the rod;  
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers.  
Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT. Frequentlee  
I agree.



CAPT. Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,  
Worn out garments show new patches,  
Only count the chick that hatches;  
Men are grown up catchy catches,

BUT. Yes; I know  
That is so.

(Aside.) Though to catch my drift he's striving,  
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble;  
When he sees at what I'm driving,  
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

CAPT. Ich denk dahinter shteht was schrecklich,  
Ueberaus und ganz unglücklich;  
Doch ich glaub sie schnitzled hesslich.  
Ess iss waar,  
Ganz und gar.  
Doch ich glaub sie schnitzeld hesslich  
Wass sie sawgt iss ungewisslich.  
Ihr gedanken sinn unmesslich.  
Ess iss waar.  
BUT. 'S'iss nicht waar.

BUT. Though a mystic tone I borrow,  
He will learn the truth with sorrow.  
Yes; I know  
That is so.

(At the end exit Little Buttercup melodramatically.)

CAPT. Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

Enter Sir Joseph.

SIR JO. Captain Korkoran, I was very much disappointed with your daughter. I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph?

SIR JO. Dot vos it. Der fact vos, dot although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as vos inconsistent for an official utterance, I don't vos successful. How you make dot out.

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your condescension.

SIR JO. Yaw, dot vos true.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JO. You think it would?

CAPT. I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl; and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JO. Dot vos really a very sensible suggestion and displays more knowledge of human nature as I had given you credit for.

CAPT. See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might influence her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

SIR JO. Dot vos not unlikely. I will take your suggestion.—But hush! I hear footsteps.

Enter Josephine. Sir Jo. and Cap. retire up and watch her.

### SCENE.—JOSEPHINE.

The hours creep on apace,  
My guilty heart is quaking!  
Oh, that I might retrace  
The step that I am taking.  
It's folly it were easy to be showing.  
What I am giving up and whither going.

On the one hand papa's luxurious home,  
Hung with ancestral armor and old brasses.  
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,  
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger glasses.  
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,  
And everything that isn't old, from Gillows.

And on the other, a dark, dingy room,  
In some back street with stuffy children crying,  
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,  
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.  
With one cracked looking glass to see your face in,  
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,  
Unlettered and unknown,  
Who toils for bread from early morn  
Till half the night has flown!  
No golden rank can he impart—  
No wealth of house or land—  
No fortune save his trusty heart  
And honest brawn right hand!  
And yet he is so wondrous fair  
That love for one so passing rare,  
So peerless in his manly beauty,  
Were little else than solemn duty!  
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey?



SIR JO. (coming down.) Josefine, it has been represented to me dot you vas excited by my exalted rank. I would like to told you officially dot off your hesitation vos attributed to dat circumstances it vos uncalled for.

JOS. Oh! then your lordship is of opinion that married happiness is NOT inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JO. I vos officially mit dot opinion.

JOS. That the high and lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JO. Josefine, I would like to told you OFFICIALLY—dot vos it.

JOS. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I DID hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (Aside.) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause.

(CAPTAIN has entered, during this speech he comes down.)

TRIO.—FIRST LORD, CAPTAIN, and JOSEPHINE.

JOS. Never mind the why and wherefore.  
Love can level ranks and therefore  
I admit its jurisdiction!  
Able have you played your part;  
You have carried firm conviction.  
To my hesitating heart.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die luft mit lust-gesang,  
Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r  
Hangt sich zu'n kaynich an.

CAPT. AND SIR JOSEPH Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild.  
For the union of { my } lordship.  
With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. Unser Cap. sei shoene tochd'r,  
JOS. Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r.  
SIR JO. Und 'n kaynich fum der wasser.  
JOS. Und 'n sailor auf der wasser.  
ALL. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die luft, etc.

CAPT. For a humble captain's daughter—  
JOS. (Aside.) For a gallant captain's daughter—  
SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water—  
JOS. And a TAR who ploughs the water.  
ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,  
Rend with songs the air above,  
For the union of a maiden  
With the man who owns her love!

CAPT. Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though his lordship's station's mighty,  
Though stupendous be his brain.  
Though your tastes are mean and flighty  
And your fortune poor and plain.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die luft, etc.  
SIR JO. Frag uns net f'r explanation,  
Sei zufrida wann mir sawgen  
Das ess kann ken dif'rence mache  
Eb du gelt husht oder net,—  
Ess kennt mich net besser pleasa  
Wann der Dawdy millyona het.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die luft mit lust-gesang,  
Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r,  
Hangt sich zu'n kaynich an.

CAPT. Unser Cap. sei shoene tochd'r.  
JOS. Unser Cap. sei lieblich tochd'r.  
SIR JO. Und 'n kaynich fum der wasser.  
JOS. Und 'n sailer auf der wasser.

ALL. Laszt die glocken jubeltoenen,  
Reisst die luft, etc.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild.  
SIR JO. Never mind the why and wherefore.  
Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
Though your nautical relation (alluding to  
Cap.)  
In any set could scarcely pass.  
Though you occupy a station  
In the lower middle class.

CAPT. AND SIR JO. Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
Rend the air with warbling wild,  
For the union of { my } lordship  
With a humble captain's child!

FIRST LORD. For a humble captain's daughter,  
JOS. (Aside.) For a gallant captain's daughter,  
CAPT. And a Lord who rules the water.  
JOS. (Aside.) And a TAR that ploughs the water!  
ALL. Let the air with joy be laden.  
Fill with songs the air above,  
For the union of a maiden  
With the man who owns her love.  
(Exit Jos.)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JO. Captain Korkoran, dot vos one of ter habbiest karackteristics of dis habby guntry, dot official utterances could invariably be regarded as unanswerable (Exit Sir Js.)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a cabinet minister. The prospect is Elysian. (During this speech Dick Deadeye has entered.)

DICK. Captain!

CAPT. Deadeye! You here? Don't! (Recoiling from him.)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, captain! I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's again me, but I ain't so bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me?

DICK. (Mysteriously.) I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed! Do you propose to leave the navy then?

DICK. No, no; you misunderstand me; listen!



## DUET.—"THE MERRY MAIDEN AND THE TAR."

DICK. Gude Cap, ich det dir gern mohl eppes sawga,  
Singt hey tra la, gude Captain oss du bisht,  
Doch 's'iss mir bang es wird dir wennig plaga.  
Singt hey tra la, gude Captain oss du bisht.  
Tra la mei guda Captain.—

CAPT. Tra la du narish sailor.

BOTH Singt hey tra la des maedchen und ihr sailor kerl.

CAPT. Mei mann du shwetsht in riddles oss ich net fershtay.

Tra la, du narish sailor oss du bisht,  
Ich kann ken ofang sehne zu di shtory shay,  
Tra la du narish sailor oss du bisht.

DICK. Gude Cap. di glaene tochd'r hut 'n plawn gesetzt.

Tra la mei guda Captain oss du bisht,  
Auf diese nacht mit Ralf zu neiarawden yetzt,  
Tra la mei guda Captain oss du bisht—  
Tra la mei guda Captain.—

CAPT. Tra la du g'scheita sailor,

BOTH Singt hey tra la das maedle und ihr sailor kerl.

CAPT. Mei guda mann du husht mir gawt in zeit gesawgt,

Tra la, du g'scheita sailor oss du bisht.  
Ich mehn der hochzig werd in doub!e-quick vertawgt.

Tra la, du g'scheita sailor oss du bisht.

CAPT. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning. I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise. So! (Envelopes himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.)

DICK. Aha! sie sinn g'fixed! sie sinn g'fixed! (Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!)

(Enter crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boatswain, meeting Josephine, who enters from cabin on tiptoe with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by Little Buttercup. The captain, shrouded in his boat cloak, takes the stage, unnoticed.)

DICK. Kind captain, I've important information,  
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are.  
About a certain intimate relation,  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking.  
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are.  
The answer to them vainly I am seeking?  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.  
The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind captain, your young lady is a sighing,  
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,  
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.  
The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you've given timely warning,  
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are.  
I'll talk to master Rackstraw in the morning;  
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!  
(producing a "cat.")

BOTH The merry cat-o'-nine tails and the tar!

## ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,  
Breathing gently as we may,  
Every step with caution feeling,  
We will softly steal away.

ALL. (Much alarmed,) (Captain stamps.)  
Wass der dausig—  
War dann dass?

DICK. Sei'n doch shtill,  
Ess war die katz!

ALL. (reassured.) Ess war—ess war die katz!

CAPT. Sie hen recht, es war die katz!

ALL. (Much alarmed.) (CAPTAIN stamps.—Chord.)  
Goodness me—

DICK. Why, what was that?  
Silent be,

ALL. (reassured.) It was—the cat!  
CAPT. (Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.)

They're right it was the cat.

Pull ashore, in fashion steady,  
Hymen will defray the fare.  
For a clergyman is ready  
To unite the happy pair.

(Stamps as before, and chord.)

ALL. Wass der dausig—war shon wieder dass?

DICK. Sei'n doch shtill, ess war die katz!

ALL. Shon wieder war's die katz!

CAPT. Sie hen recht—es war die katz.

CAPT. (throwing off cloak. (Hullup! (all start.)

Shoen tochd'r fum mei'm  
Sei so gude mir zu sawga,  
Wohie oss du geh wit  
Mit die sailors fum mei'n.  
Sinn first ratea kerls und kennten  
Anich ebba dresha.  
Doch sinn sie net gude company  
Mei tochd'r fuer dich.

MEN. Now horrich yusht an sell,  
M'r kennen anich ebba dresha.  
Doch sinn mir net gude company  
Mei lady, fur dich.

ALL. Goodness me,  
Why, what was that?  
DICK. Silent be.

AGAIN the cat!

CAPT. (Aside.) They're right—it was the cat.

CAPT. (Throwing off cloak.) Hold? (All start.)  
Pretty daughter of mine,  
I insist upon knowing  
Where you may be going  
With these sons of the brine;  
For my excellent crew.  
Though foes they could thump any  
Are scarcely fit company.  
My daughter for you.

CREW. Now hark at that, do!  
Though foes we could thump any.  
We are scarcely fit company  
For a lady like you!



RALPH. Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!  
Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,  
For I have dared to love your matchless girl—  
A fact well known to all my messmates here!

CAPT. Oh, horror!

RALPH AND JOS. I (he) humble, poor and lowly born.  
The meanest in the port division—  
The butt of epauletted scorn—  
The mark of quarter-deck derision—  
Have (has) dared to raise my (his) wormy eyes,  
Above the dust to which you'd mould me (him.)  
In manhood's glorious pride to rise.  
I am (he is) an Englishman.

CHORUS. Guk 'n mohl ow!  
Er iss 'n Englisher,  
BOATSWAIN. Oss er 'iss 'n Englisher!  
Und er hut's yow selvet g'sawt.  
CHORUS. Oss er iss 'n Englisher,  
BOATSWAIN. Als er het 'n Deutscher sei kenna,  
'N Franzosze oder Italianer,  
Oder ferleicht 'n Irisher,  
Doch er hut gaw net gedu.  
Sie er stickt sei Englund zu.  
Und er bleibta'n Englisher,  
Yaw er bleibt 'n Englisher.

ALL. Behold him!  
BOAT. He is an Englishman!  
He is an Englishman!  
For he himself has said it,  
And it is greatly to his credit.  
That he's an Englishman!  
ALL. That he's an Englishman!  
BOAT. For he might have been a Roosian  
A French or Turk or Proosian,  
Or perhaps Itali-an  
ALL. Or perhaps Italian!  
BOAT. But in spite of all temptations,  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman!

CAPT. (trying to repress his anger.)  
In uttering a reprobation  
To any British tar.  
I try to speak with moderation,  
But you have gone too far,  
I'm sorry to disparage  
A humble foremast lad,  
But to seek your captain's child in marriage,  
Fadultzei's s'iss zu awrig! (Why, damme, it's too bad!

ALL. (shocked.) Oh!

CAPT. Yaw fadultzei s'iss zu awrig. (Yes, damme, it's too bad!)

ALL. Oh!

CAPT. AND DICK. Yaw, fadultzei's s'iss zu awrig. (Yes, damme, it's too bad!)

Sir Jo. (who has come down):

My pain und my distress,  
I found it was not easy to express.  
My amazement, my surprise  
You may found out by looking on my eyes.  
CAPT. My lord, one word; the facts are not before you.  
The word was injudicious I avow!  
But hear my explanation, I implore you,  
And you will be indignant, I avow!  
SIR JO. I vill hear of no defence.  
Attempt none, vos you sensible.  
Dot vord of evil sense.  
Vos wholly indefensible.  
Go, ribald, got yu hence  
To your kaeben mit celerity.  
Dis vos der gonsequence  
Of ill-advised asperity!  
(Exit Captain, disgraced, followed by Josephine.)

SIR JO. Now, you told me how it vos dot your Captain swear at you. It wasn't your fault, vos it?

RALPH. Please your honor it was thus wise. You see I was only a topman—a mere foremast hand—

SIR JO. Don't be ashamed of dot. Your position as topman vos a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honor, love burns as brightly in the foksle as it does on the quarter deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes. Enter Josephine; she rushes to Ralph's arms. Sir Jo. (horrificed.) She's the figure-head of my ship of life; the bright beacon which guides me into my port of happiness!

ALL. Ah-h-h-h!

SIR JO. Insolent sailor, you shall repent dis outrage. Seize him! (The marine seizes him and handcuffs him!)

Jos. Oh, Sir Joseph spare him, for I love him tenderly.

SIR JO. Got oud!—I teach dot presumptuous mariner to discipline his affections. Haf you got such a ding as a penitentiary on board?

OMNES. (lugubriously,) Um-m-m.—Yaw.

SIR JO. So-o-o! Vell, you tie a chain on him und take him righd away pooty qwick oud.



## OCTETTE.

RALPH. Farwohl, mei schatz.  
Licht fum mei herz—good-by!  
Sober bin ich, doch muss ich  
Ins lack-up nei.

JOS. Ess wird net lang.  
Bis morreya husht du bail.  
Dann kannst du kumma  
Frei fum des dunkle jail.

SIR JO. Ess kum't zu ihn  
Ken klinge dass telephone bell.  
Fasht an'n ket, so nehm ihm.  
In's dunkle cell.

CHORUS. Ess kum't zu ihn  
Ken klinge dass telephone bell.  
Fasht an'n ket, so geht er  
Noch's dunkle cell.

## OCTETTE.

RALPH. Farewell, my own!  
Light of my life, farewell!  
For crime unknown  
I go to a dungeon cell.

JOS. I will atone—  
In the meantime farewell!  
And all alone  
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

SIR JO. A bone, a bone!  
I'll pick with this sailor fell:  
Let him be shown  
At once to his dungeon cell.

CHORUS. He'll hear no tone  
Of the maiden he love so well:  
No telephone  
Communicates with his cell!

BUT. (Mysteriously.) But when is known  
The secret I have to tell,  
Wide will be thrown  
The door of his dungeon cell.

OCTETTE. Farwohl, sei schatz, etc.

(At the end Ralph is led off in custody.)

SIR JO. My pain und my distress I found it was not easy again to oexpress. My amazement, my surprise, you may found oud by looking on my eyes. Josephine, I would like to told you officially dot I vos hurt. You! a daughter of a Captain in der Royal Navy—

BUT. (Advancing.) Hullup! Ich hab eppes zu sell zu sawga. Hold; I have something to say to that

ALL. Du! (You!)

BUT. Yaw. ich! (Yes, I!) (Authoratatively.) Ralph, Kumm haer. (Ralph comes forward and kneels on her left. (Captain, do rous mit dir. (Captain comes from Cabin and kneels on her right. Jo, mach die awga zu. (Jo. obediently shuts his eyes. Marine brings tray to Buttercup and transformation begins.)

## SONG AND CHORUS.—BUTTERCUP.

BUT. 'Bout fertzich yahr zurick—  
Und s'iss aw net geluga—  
Wie ich noch yung und shay war,  
Hab bavies uff getzuga.

A many years ago,  
When I was young and charming.  
As some of you may know,  
I practiced baby farming.

ALL. Now this is most alarming,  
When she was young and charming.  
She practiced baby farming.  
A many years ago.

BUT. Zwar mir 'mohl gebracht,  
Der ain'd war wiesht und orrum:  
Der onner reich und shmart—  
'N rechter hoch geborner.

Two tender babes I nursed,  
One was of low condition.  
The other upper crust,  
A regular patrician.

ALL. (Explaining to each other.)  
Now this is the position:  
One was of low condition,  
The other a patrician.  
A many years ago.

BUT. O, schwer iss meiner kreuz,  
Wie hab ich's dann du kenner?  
Ich hab sie uff gemixt—  
Die orrum glaener kinner.

Oh, bitter is my cup!  
However could I do it?  
I mixed those children up,  
And not a creature knew it.

ALL. How could you do it?  
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it.  
Although no creature knew it.  
So many years ago.

BUT. Dann kumt a mohl 'n zeit,  
Die bavies mich verlossen.  
Der wieshter war der Cap.  
Der onner Ralph ihr cousin,

In time each little waif  
Forsook his foster mother;  
The well born babe was Ralph,  
Your captain was the other—

ALL. They left their foster mother.  
The one was Ralph our brother  
Our captain was the other,  
A many years ago.

(Transformation takes place during this song, and at the end Ralph rises as Captain, and Captain as Ralph, Sir Jo. opens his eyes, closes his mouth and says.)

SIR JO. Hm—m—m! Now dot vos a very singular circumstances, pointing to Cap.) Sawg sella Kerl set mohl do rous kumma.

RALPH. (as Capt.) Sawg, du grumnassicher; feesel dei foulla karper do funna.

CAPT. Was husht g'sawt?

RALPH. Wie mensht? Ich glaub ich vershteh dich net.

CAPT. Wann ich so gude sei will.

SIR JO. Er hut recht! "Wann er so gude sei will."

RALPH. Why certainly. Wann du so gude sei wid.

(Captain steps forward.)

SIR JO. (to Captain.) Du bisht 'n firs trate-a kerl, gella? (You are an extremely fine fellow.)

CAPT. Fallus dich d'ruf. (Yes, your honor.)

SIR JO. So it seems dot you vos Ralph and Ralph vos you.

CAPT. So it seems your honor.

SIR JO. Vell I need not told you dot on top of dis I don't marry Josefine.

CAPT. Don't say dot your honor; love levels all ranks

SIR JO. Yes, he do pooty much, but he don't lefel 'm gvite so much as all dot. (Hands Josephine over to Ralph and calls Hebe to himself.)

#### QUARTETTE.

Oh, joy, oh, rapture unforeseen,  
The clouded sky is now serene!  
The god of day, the orb of love,  
Has hung his ensign high above.

The sky is all ablaze!

With wooing words and loving song  
We'll chase the lagging hours along.  
And if he finds (I find) the maiden coy  
We'll murmur forth decorous joy  
In dreamy roundelay.

CAPT. For he is the captain of the "Pinafore."

ALL. Und 'n nummer ains Cap. bisht du. (And a right good captain too!

CAPT. And though before my fall,

I was captain of you all,

I'm a member of the crew

ALL. Although before his fall, etc.

CAPT. I shall marry with a wife.

In my humble rank of life!

(Turning to Buttercup.

And you, my own are she—

I must wander to and fro.

But wherever I may go.

I shall never be untrue to thee!

SAILORS. Was gaw net? (What never?

CAPT. Nay gaw net? (No never!

SAILORS. Wass, GAR NET? (What NEVER?)

CAPT. Well, ols a mohl. (Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee

Then give three cheers and one cheer  
more

For the faithful seaman of the "Pinafore."

BUT. Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, orrum glay Buttercup.

Und ich weiss gaw net warrum:

Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, shay glaene Buttercup,

Zu dei glay Buttercup kum.

CHO. Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, orrum glay Buttercup,

Und mir wissen gar net warum.

Doch gleicht er sei Buttercup, orrum glay Buttercup,

Iss er now net hesslich dum.

SIR JO. Ich bin der kaynich fum der meer,

Und ven ich hiar dir (to Hebe.)

I vos true mit dot devotion vot my lofe implants.

BUT For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup.

I'm sure I shall never know why.

But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,

Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

CHO. For he loves Little Buttercup, etc.

SIR JO. I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married thee (to Hebe.)

I will be true to my devotion that my love implants.

HEBE. Then good bye to his sisters; and his cousins and his aunts,

Especially his cousins,

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

CHO. Ols er iss 'n Englisher,

Und er hut's yo selvet g'sawt.

Yaw, er hut's yo selvet g'sawt,

Ols er iss'n Englisher.

ALL. For he is an Englishman,

And he himself has said it,

And it's greatly to his credit

That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.



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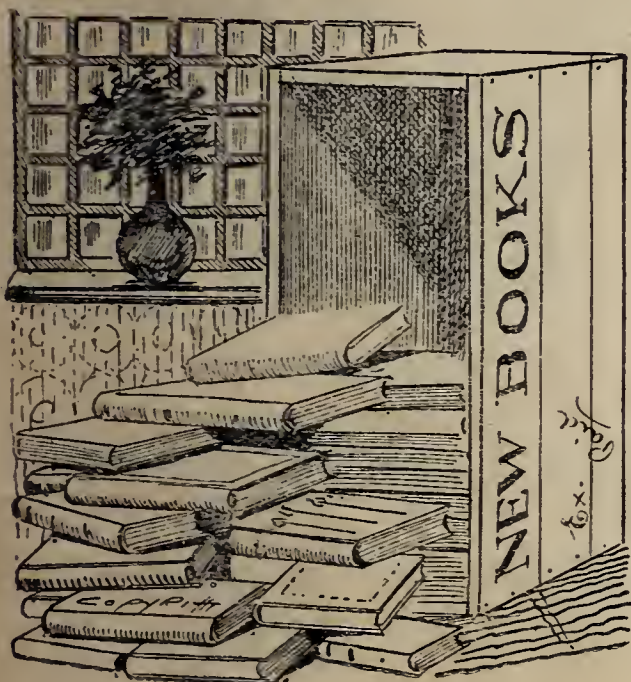
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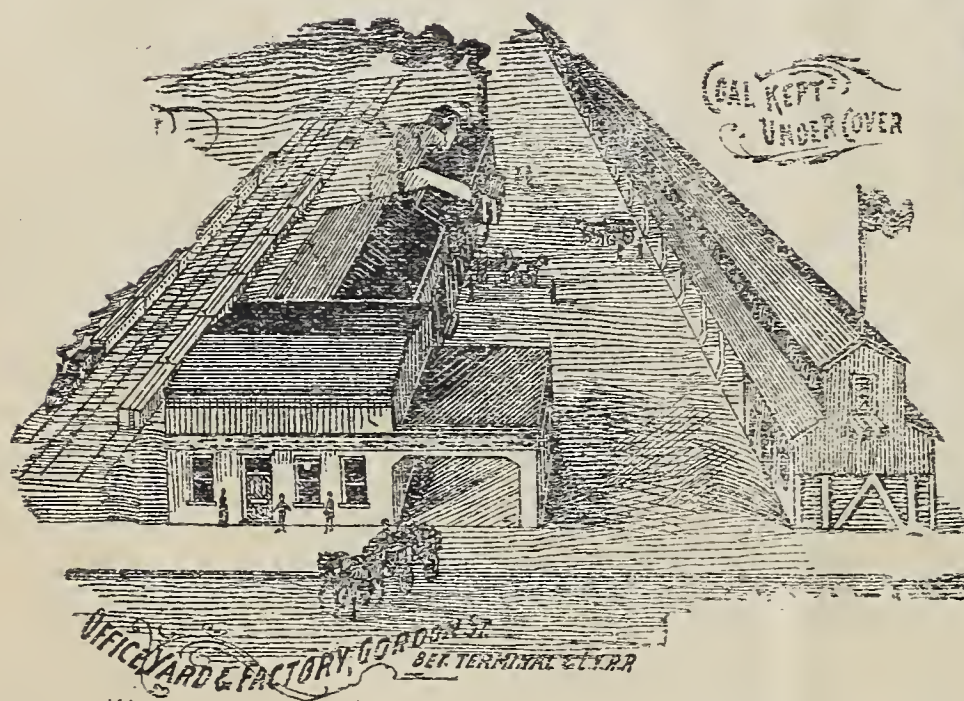
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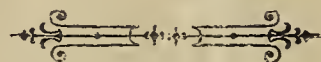
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